



THE CORADDI

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 35

MARCH, 1931

NUMBER 5

PUBLISHED BY NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Subscription Rate Per Year \$1.50

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Synonym

*These are the things that you have meant to me—
Long silent nights and sunny afternoons,
The loveliness of half-forgotten tunes,
And solitude. You change and grow to be
A synonym for things I've known with you—
October walks, those gold and scarlet days,
The pleasantness of many pathless ways
That silent we have both walked through.
My mind recalls in you the things it stores,
And you have certainly, though slowly, grown
To stand for much of happiness I've known.
The breathless things that my eyes see in yours
Are things that my own heart cries out to reach,
Spending desire in tears for want of speech.*

ARLINE FONVILLE.

Until Philosophers Are Kings

By FRANCES WHITE

"Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, and those commoner natures who follow either to the exclusion of the other are compelled to stand aside, cities will never cease from ill; no, nor the human race, as I believe—and then only will our state have a possibility of life and behold the light of day."
—*Plato's Republic.*

PLATO says that when philosophers become kings, then we shall have perfect governments—but he admits that such cannot be. For when philosophers with their present tendencies gain power they tend to lose sight of those high ideals and philosophic aims they had before. Philosophers being lovers of following truth, would be unwilling to give up that joy for the sake of exercising worldly power. The whole scheme is admittedly impossible and impractical, yet beautiful and idealistic—the picture of things as they should be when eyes are blinded to things as they are. So Plato is saying with a subtle cynicism that all of these beautiful ideas of his are truth as it should be—truth as it shall be when there is not as much human nature in human nature and men are less like men. It was a pleasant dream, undisturbed by any thoughts of means of accomplishment or practicability. The City Ideal is a city to be dreamed about and worked toward in the same manner that any perfection is to be sought, as an ultimate goal, not as one conceived to be attainable in its entirety.

Always the most profoundly interesting phenomenon to human beings has been themselves. It is natural that the field of the social sciences should have been so all-engrossing. There have been as many approaches to it as there have been types of cultures. Few have ever really employed science in the field because its intimate nature bars that detached scientific attitude. Many have taken themselves as typical and, exploring among their concepts of values and morals, have given us "ideals" of what ought to be; and depended on their inspiring men enough to make them strive toward their achievement. In its advancement into all fields of endeavor, science entered to impose its technique on this field last. Those today who are interested in

man's achieving highest have taken a new ideal—a new attitude toward actual facts. Some men will never be inspired by philosophy, others can never attain the ideals. The best one can hope to do lies in recognizing and utilizing certain fundamental laws of humanity that are established by being inducted from observation as they actually are—not juggling ideas within men's minds of things as they ought to be. The difference lies in the use of these two conditions—what ought to be and what is. Philosophy uses what ought to be in an effort to change what is; science uses what is as a means of realization of what ought to be.

Plato and his philosophy should be used by modern social scientists—not as authority of any kind, but merely as an inspiration. He was displaying these moral values and conceptions, like puppets, for the admiration and inspiration of those who heard him. As our science attempts to make changes in material or in the actual stock of truths, dialectic attempted to make changes in the opinions of people; and the puppets acted according to the strings the dialectician pulled. The modern scientist follows truth like a will-o'-the-wisp, heedless of his course and his immediate goal. The conclusion was thoroughly known to the ancient philosophers before the discussion began. Plato refused to compile a treatise of his own philosophy because he realized that this inspiration of truth was not conveyed to one man by another in the form of cold words, but by a changing of attitude—by the kindling of one fire from the live coals of another. The failure to realize that attitude only, and not actual letters, comprised the value of such words was the mistake that retarded the accomplishment of the early Humanists hundreds of years.

Philosophy deals with the materials of the social sciences—the highest human relationships, as religion deals with the materials of science—the highest individual achievement. Yet these must not be confused; and chaos results when one attempts to encroach on the field of the other. Because their methods are so different, the conclusions of neither of them are considered valid by the other—and rightly. Religion and philosophy were never meant to be taken literally as science, still less to be used as refutation of it. The conflict has grown from the failure to understand that they are inspirational rather than informational. They change attitude through the easiest,

quickest, strongest appeal, the emotion; in recognition of the fact that man can never be a purely reasoning animal, and thus can ever be a scientist only. All scientists are in part religious and philosophic, and all theologians and philosophers are in part scientific. The difference lies in the difference of emphasis. He lives the best ordered life who attempts to substitute neither for the other. Scientists give men actual data for their lives, philosophers and theologians give them inspiration for the goal of their lives, and men are the artists who apply the findings of both these to their one work of art—life. Each has his mission and field and neither should interfere with the other. The definitions of the truth change with changing cultures. To Plato philosophy was both science and religion. It was his source of inspiration, and in it he followed his conception of the scientific method. For he thought that it was only in the realm of abstractions that science had its field.

Since science is definite knowledge, it can be concerned only with phenomena that are invariable and perfect in nature. There is no knowledge of the fields we classify as physics, biology, and chemistry, observation of which is through the senses, since all these things are changing and ideas about them can only be opinions. How can we know anything of nature, which is constantly changing so that we must constantly be substituting one "conclusion" for another to keep abreast? Thus his science concerned only those things that men perceive through mind alone, independent of any sense-perception, if such independent intellectual perception is actually possible. We know justice and beauty, not because we can either touch, see, smell, or hear them, but because something we may have become aware of, by one of these means, has reminded us of them: as the soul knew them in their essence before its entrance into mortality. This reminding of these forms is the duty of nature and of teachers. The sum of all these forms is substance, or that which lies behind everything we are able to perceive. The only thing which is, nature, is always in the process of being and therefore never really is, and the thing that is not, substance, is the only thing that really is. And we have the proof of what is not, is, and what is, is not. The difference in method of his science and ours is obvious from the understanding of the phenomenon he studies. He, relying on the intellectual perception for data,

was suspicious of sense-perception, while modern science, relying upon sense-perception, is suspicious of intellectual perceptions.

To Plato truth was already evident, but distributed among many minds in the form of "indisputable," universally accepted axioms. The work of him who would find truth, then, is to collect these bits by conversation and disputation, and arrange them in order. Truly an inspiring attitude! Modern scientists think of truth as being written in a code and scattered in the surroundings. We must not only gather these fragments by observation, but once gathered, decipher them and fit them into the general scheme by comparison with truth already established and observations made late. Truths are not found in the mind, but outside the mind, and make themselves known to it by slow process. It is significant that only the method of learning truths is different. It is important in any method to utilize truth already established to its fullest advantage, and the accumulations of truth or material is useless and inaccessible unless it be carefully catalogued and co-ordinated.

We do not shut ourselves up in a room to study today. Scientists must constantly be observing and have continuous contact with the outside to be sure their premises are correctly founded. Plato looked on categories and institutions outside the situation and men who composed them; he pronounced them good or bad in themselves, without consideration of those unpredictable and complicated social factors that enter. As was natural in this type of reasoning, they became abstract rather than concrete. Things are good or bad only in relation to the situation and response to the customs and ideals of the group. We cannot shut ourselves up and decide what justice is, for what comprises a just act at one time may be unjust at another. Thus we do not teach morals by rote memory of what good behavior includes, but by instilling attitudes that, when stirred, define just behavior for the individual in a specific situation. Wisdom, then, is not the accumulation of facts, but the assimilation of attitudes and ideals.

Scientists would naturally become skeptical of his conclusions when they review his method: A scientific case begins in hypothesis, from which is deducted premises. If these hold according to self-evident or accepted axioms, then it is proved. If, however, there are no such self-evident premises, the hypothesis must be established by

being proved a consequence of some universally-held axiom. Thus it is tested within the field of the mind. No outside influences are brought to bear on it. It stands or falls only with previously conceived ideas. The form of this search for truth is dialectic, which is a form of thinking aloud with several disputants. Plato himself admits that the conclusions arrived at, are most likely to be influenced by the disputants themselves and thus are autobiographical. Which admission is a paradox with the insistence on the invariable, unalterable nature of the Absolute for which the search is made. What dialectic really did was only to clear the ground of conflicting doctrines in the process of actually arriving at truth. Its achievements lay in the attitudes of the disputants, not in the conclusion of the dispute. There was no conclusion, merely a vision of an absolute, caught from some reminder. It was an adventurous journey together, of two congenial minds to a specific mountain top which one of the dialecticians had chosen for the goal in the beginning. It was a game of chess in which the counters were axioms and the board was the mind.

This vision, then, is to be our aim, but we must keep our method very different from his. We must accept as realities only those things observable, and arrive at truth only by the interpretation of the uniformities of cause and effect in an objective world. And until philosophers become kings we must rely on the truths we can glean through observation and sense-perception to work out the rules of perfect human relationship. We must use our knowledge of what is as a means of achieving our idea of what ought to be, being careful not to confuse the means and the end. Plato as a supreme artist has painted for us the picture of the end. The work of modern social science is the attaining of that end.

Dewey has summed up the relation of the two admirably: "If philosophy declines to observe and interpret the new and characteristic scene, it may achieve scholarship; it may erect a well-equipped gymnasium wherein to engage in dialectic exercises; it may clothe itself in fine literary art, but it will not afford illumination or direction to our confused civilization. These can proceed only from the spirit that is interested in realities and that faced them frankly and sympathetically."

Snowflake

Born in a flurry,
Silent in scurry,
From the regions of hurry,
Snowflake I come.

Lover of gladness,
Merry in madness,
Born but to sadness,
Snowflake I come.

Ending my flying,
Silently crying,
Fading and dying,
Snowflake I go.

ROBERTA JOHNSON.



Little Towns

There is a spirit guarding little towns;
It tells them, "Strangers, rich ones, are not good.
Their wives wear Paris-woven gowns.
They are not good; there's coarseness in their blood.
Distrust that man! He is a crook.
He drives a Packard, wears silk shirts and owns
A yacht. Watch out—be careful, look"—
There is a spirit guarding little towns.

ROBERTA JOHNSON.

Swan in Disguise

By EVELYN TERRY

MARY was not a pretty child. The neighbors had agreed upon her lack of pulchritude before she was six.

"And 'twill be such a pity when she grows up," remarked Mrs. Blair, herself the mother of three beautiful daughters. "Especially as they live so close to us. People cannot help but notice the difference between Mary and my daughters. My dears are so beautiful, and they all look exactly like me, even if I do say it."

Mary and the beautiful three played at being grown up. The three were fair and golden-haired as are all fairy princesses. Dark Mary, her too wide apart eyes gleaming with humbleness, was deemed fit only to be a servant. No such title as lady-in-waiting was allowed her; she was merely a maid-of-all-work.

"Crown me with a wreath of red roses, for I am a royal princess," chanted Cecily, the eldest of the Blair sisters. Mary obediently placed red roses among Cecily's curls. "And when I marry the richest king in the world," continued the princess, "my crown shall be made of diamonds." Mary's dark eyes filled with admiration. "When I am queen of the most powerful kingdom in the whole world," promised Cecily, "I will let you be a maid in my pantry." Mary's sallow face glowed with anticipation.

As the years passed, the daughters of Mrs. Blair grew more and more beautiful. "The Blairs and the Kennetts" (the fond mother had been a Kennett before her marriage) "certainly managed to get their share of good looks," said Mrs. Blair to Mary's mother as they watched their daughters come home from school.

Mrs. Blair's daughters were always exquisitely dressed. Mary usually wore faded blues and browns; her clothes hung limply upon her slender frame.

Cecily Blair was the acknowledged beauty of her class in high school. After graduation she preferred to stay at home and have a good time. Likewise, Erline and June, the younger sisters, chose to remain at home when they finished school.

Mary went to college.

At the end of her freshman year Mary returned home for the summer vacation. Said Mrs. Blair shortly after her arrival, "Mary is not pretty, but she does have better clothes than she used to wear."

Mary's college career was uneventful. She majored in home economics. Upon completing her four-year course, she went immediately to New York, where she studied designing and interior decorating.

After an absence of two years, Mary returned home. Her arrival was unheralded. She came quietly at dusk. The next morning, clad in a bright-colored sport frock which contrasted strangely with her olive complexion, she slipped through the hedge, crossed the lawn where in former times coronation ceremonies had taken place, and ascended the steps of Mrs. Blair's side porch.

Six feet of manhood, dressed in gray tweeds, rose reluctantly from the hammock to greet her. Mary asked for Cecily.

"My dear young lady," the young man replied, running his hand through his tousled sandy hair, "you must have been far afield. No one ever calls to see the Misses Blair before noon."

"Oh, I'm sorry," apologized Mary.

He stared. Then he blinked his eyes. "I say, where've you been for the past week?" he demanded. "I thought I had met all of the fair damsels in this village."

"I arrived only last night," Mary informed him.

They were still standing. "Oh, I beg your pardon. Won't you sit down?" he asked. "By way of introduction, I'm Auntie's nephew."

"Peter or Paul?" queried Mary, the nucleus of a smile playing about her lips.

"Both," he announced with a wry smile.

"Peter Paul Kennett," Mary said slowly, her musical voice touching the syllables lightly.

"How did you know?" he demanded suddenly. A second later he added, "What's your name, anyway?"

"Oh, I'm mother's daughter Mary," she answered, gesturing towards the neighboring house. "I live next door."

Mrs. Blair came out of the house and greeted Mary warmly. "The girls aren't up yet, Mary," she explained. "I always believe in letting them have their beauty naps." The fond mother smiled indulgently.

After Mary had re-crossed the lawn to her own home, Mrs. Blair remarked to her nephew, "Going away to school has done wonders to that girl. She used to be an ugly duckling. Now, she's almost attractive."

"My dear aunt," her nephew observed caustically, "no woman is really attractive unless she has blue eyes, golden curls, and a peaches and cream complexion."

Mrs. Blair departed, feeling that she had been paid a compliment. Her nephew shifted his position in the hammock so that he had a better view of the house next door.

It was the middle of the afternoon when Peter, from his point of vantage in the hammock, spied a group of young ladies strolling up the walk to the front entrance of the Blair residence. He whistled softly. Just at that moment Mary emerged from her house and disappeared around the corner of the veranda. With an agility born of long hours of practice on the gridiron, Peter sprinted across the lawn. He found Mary sitting in the shade of a tree, glancing over a new magazine.

"Hullo," greeted Peter. "Want to go fishing?"

"Fishing?"

"You heard me. There's a nice quiet nook down on the creek where we can sit in the shade, and I can guarantee that we won't have a single bite all afternoon."

"Really! I thought people went fishing where there were swarms of little fishes swimming around."

"Not me! It's too much trouble to pull 'em in."

She was eyeing him quizzically. She rather liked his appearance. His eyes were steely gray. Old-looking eyes they were, eyes that had seen many things. But for the cleft in his chin he would have been stern-looking. Almost like a dimple, it gave him the aspect of a small boy who has been caught in the jam jar.

He did not resent the inspection. Instead, he sat down beside her. "Oh, well," he began, "I suppose I might as well 'fess up."

"An honest confession, so they say, is good for the soul."

"Young lady," he thundered in mock seriousness, "do you intend to imply that my soul is in need of spiritual elevation?" They both laughed.

"It's this way," he explained. "I happen to be an eligible male. And this fair city of yours, small though it may be, is filled with a multitude of young ladies of a marriageable age. They flock in over at Auntie's by tens and twenties. Not only do the young ladies come, but they actually bring their mammas with them. The mammas come along, you know, to put their stamp of approval on me. It makes me feel like Exhibit A in the pumpkin patch at a tri-county fair."

"How interesting!" murmured Mary.

"What's interesting?" he demanded.

"Pumpkin patches," responded Mary demurely.

"It's not as if I were a marrying man," he confided in her, "for I'm not. And anyway, I'm going to South America in September, and no decent man would want to take his wife down there. It's hot as—hot as the lower regions down there."

All afternoon Peter Paul lay in the grass in Mary's yard, his hands clasped beneath his head, his eyes on the far away clouds, and told her about the bridges he was going to build in South America. She was a good listener.

At supper Mrs. Blair asked Peter where he spent the afternoon. "Fishing," he replied blandly, and ducked his head just in time to avoid her inquisitive gaze.

Midway between breakfast and lunch the next morning Mary opened the door in response to a summons from the knocker. Peter Paul confronted her on the other side of the screen. "Why the dickens," he demanded, "don't you come over to see Cecily?"

"Because," Mary answered sweetly, "I happen to be aware of the fact that the Misses Blair never receive callers before noon."

Peter was undaunted. "But you might come over to see me, anyway," he suggested. "Can't you see that I'm wasting away from neglect?"

"'Twouldn't be proper," replied Mary. "And mother is busy this morning and couldn't go along to put her stamp of approval on you."

Peter Paul had the grace to blush. Mary felt sorry for him. "But I'd just adore to go fishing," she added. They went.

There was a dance that night. Peter and Mary ran away and went for a drive. Miles and miles they drove through the warm summer air. The road began to curve, and the grades were steeper. Soon they

would be in the mountains. They did not talk much. Instead, they enjoyed the rush of the wind against their faces and in their hair. Up, up, and up they drove, twisting and turning. The hum of the motor was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night.

When they reached the summit of the mountain, Peter pointed the nose of the car towards the edge of the road, and it came to a stop just on the brink of a precipitous decline which reached far downward to the river below. Up and down the valley there was not a sign of life. Farmhouses were nestling in the coves, no doubt, but their location was unmarked by lights. Ridge after ridge of tree-covered mountains, dark and brooding, towered up into the sky of a less dark hue. On a nearby ridge dead chestnut trees shone silver in the moonlight as they stretched their ghostly arms in supplication to the skies above. An eerie feeling, intensified by weird night cries from the woods' creatures, pervaded the very atmosphere.

"It's wonderful," breathed Mary, even as she shivered with the strangeness of it all.

Peter Paul took her in his arms and kissed her gently. "It is wonderful," he agreed. "Nature is wonderful, the mountains and the sea especially. That range of mountains was carved by a master sculptor. And nothing man can ever build will be so powerfully wrought."

Peter kissed her again, not so gently this time. Then he started the engine, and they drove the long way home. Neither spoke on the return journey. When he left her at her door Peter said, "I'll be by at ten in the morning to go fishing."

Mrs. Blair could not understand her nephew's sudden passion for fishing. "I had never known before," she confided in Mary's mother, "that Peter had a fondness for angling. He must have acquired the habit just recently. The poor boy fishes by the hour and never has a bite."

During the four remaining days of his visit, Peter spent much time with Mary. They went swimming, and Peter discovered that when Mary swam she arrived places quickly. They raced across the lake and Peter won by a stroke. They played tennis, and Peter had to tighten up his serves to win. And they went fishing—in Peter's way.

The last night arrived. Peter was leaving on the morrow. Again he and Mary drove up the mountain road. Again they were filled with an indescribable awe by the grandness of nature. Again Peter kissed her, more possessively than before.

"These mountains are wonderful," he said, "but not so wonderful as life itself. In September I'm going to South America to build bridges. Can you get ready to go by then?"

"But no decent man," Mary reminded him, "would take his wife down there. It's too hot."

"The weather," Peter informed her, "is ever a topic for polite conversation, but at present we're discussing other matters. My boat sails on the fifteenth. You're going," he announced.

"Promise me one thing," Mary whispered several moments later. "If it's cool enough down there in the evenings, promise you'll take me fishing."



In Absence

I send this rhyme to you, my dear,
To be most intimately near—
An onyx pen upon your desk,
On your bed an arabesque.

A clasp upon your ermine coat,
A string of jade to grace your throat;
Petals dropped upon the stair
To tell you, dear, that love is fair!

And pansies drowsy on the ledge,
A bluebird singing in the hedge;
Paths that beckon to your feet
When amber dusk and garden meet.

Glow of moon and mist of star,
Echoes swelling from afar;
Winds against your casement blowing,
To bid you wonder, "Is love going?"

And all the cozy thoughts that cuddle,
Timid little ones that huddle,
Sweet brave dreams that gaily wander,
Nor pause upon their wings to ponder—

Mean this my rhyme to you, and more—
Oft-told things we've said before—
Oh, keep it intimate, my dear,
Saying, "always love is near!"

CLARA BOOTH BYRD.

Glimpses of Amy Lowell

By CARY STEBBINS

AMY LOWELL adjusted one of the many feather pillows behind her head and looked at the young girl occupying a part of the large bed. She was a New York girl. What would it be like to be able to call oneself a New Yorker? Amy rehearsed the role a few times in her mind, "I am Amy Lowell of New York." As she said it a hoard of Massachusetts ancestors seemed to rise up and reproach her; so she hastened to change it, "I am Amy Lowell of Brookline, Massachusetts." As she softly repeated the phrase a feeling of pride came over her.

Gazing dreamily at the ceiling she could see her forefathers parading before her. First there was Percival Lowell, a stern, resolute-looking man, fully capable of being the founder of the family in the Massachusetts Bay Colonies. Behind him came John Lowell. Amy could see him throwing out his chest and telling Congress that "All men are born free and equal." Then followed in long succession a poet, critics, editors, diplomats, and politicians, until there was Amy herself and her two brothers. Amy felt pride as she thought that some day she would be a part of the Lowell tradition. But what place could she hold? Eighteen years of her life were behind her. What would the succeeding ones bring?

Her soliloquy was broken by the breakfast gong. It was an impelling gong, almost as impelling and forceful as her father's voice. Its first sound was warning; then it became urgent, and as it died away it seemed to be threatening.

Amy awoke her friend in no gentle manner and told her to hurry. The two girls hastily put on their voluminous underskirts and stiff shirts, dashed a little cold water on their faces, and gave their hair a hasty pat. They ran down the stairs and came into the dining-room just five minutes late.

Amy paused in the doorway; and her friend, frightened by the father's stern look, shrank close behind her. Upon his curt gesture and abrupt, "Good morning," they came in and went to their places. Breakfast was a silent occasion.

After breakfast the two girls went riding in the buggy. Amy took the reins and handled the horses well. Her friend sat beside her and read choice bits from the package of Keats's love letters which lay on the seat between them. As they rode along they discussed Keats, his life and his poetry. Some heated arguments arose, in which Amy always emerged triumphant. She could quote Keats's verses and knew exactly what kind of a friend and lover he would make.

As they drove back through the trees surrounding Sevenels, the family home, four dogs came out and ran beside the horses. When the buggy stopped and Amy got out, they jumped on her. She played with them and went through the garden to the house with them at her heels.

Dinner that day was a noisy and joyous occasion. There was no evidence of New England reserve. All the children, married and unmarried, and a number of other Lowell kinsmen were there. They were all people of some importance. Opinions were flung across the table with utter abandon. Everyone seemed able to talk, listen, eat, and hold his own in an argument at the same time. Amy sat beside her brother Percival and listened to him with open-eyed interest. He was just back from the Far East, and his romantic tales of Japan delighted her.

After dinner, quietude descended upon the house. Mrs. Lowell, an invalid, rarely left her room in the afternoon. The other members of the household were busy people of affairs. Amy and her friend were left to themselves; so after wandering in the yard for a while they went into the library.¹

The library was an interesting, inviting room. Through the open window the fresh air brought in the smell of old-fashioned pinks and lilacs. Stern-faced Puritans looked down from the walls. No doubt they, like Amy, had once spent hours poring over the books which lined the walls. No doubt some of them had even scribbled down verses or thoughts which came to them.

Today Amy was not scribbling verses. Her mind was still consumed with Keats. Hidden securely in large armchairs, the two girls read Keats's love letters and poems until dusk dimmed the pages.

That night Amy was lively and gay as she danced at a neighbor's home. She had on a flounced dress. Her mood was as bright as the

1. Perkins, Elizabeth W., "Amy Lowell of New England," *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1927, pp. 329-330.

flowers in it. She danced gracefully in spite of her weight and never lacked partners. She seemed carefree; but late that night she gazed at the moon and longed for a slim graceful body.

If Amy Lowell had followed New England custom, her life would have gone on in a commonplace manner. Her ancestors had been pioneers, but they had long since shaken off the temptation to roam. The people of Massachusetts were proud to say that they had never been out of the Commonwealth; but Amy Lowell could not be satisfied with such an existence. There was something in her which rebelled against "decadence and self-complacency." Her ancestors had given vent to their feelings in war, religion, and politics; she expressed hers in an interest in artistic things.²

She remained at Sevenels until 1900, the date of her father's death. After that, two years were spent in municipal affairs. She was upholding the standing of the Lowell family as people of political importance.

Then, quite suddenly, Amy Lowell discovered that poetry was her natural mode of expression. Her soul was imbued with poetry, but she had not realized it. She had tried to turn her life into other paths, but her inner self had rebelled. Perhaps she stood in the beautiful Sevenels gardens and knew that she must write a poem about those lilacs by the fence. However that may be, we know that she gave up everything and withdrew to Sevenels to spend years in study and work.

They must have been lonely years. The house which once was alive with wit and alert minds was silent. A visitor was met at the entrance by a man who escorted him to the house. He would not have dared enter alone because of the fierce dogs. Inside the house there were more dogs; and when Amy Lowell came down they leaped on her with joy. She called them by name and they responded.

It was not until 1912 that she published her first book, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*. Into this she put her true self. She told of her grandfather's house, with its many windows and slippery floors; she told of the games that she used to play; she poured out the heart-breaks of childhood.

She was in an agony of suspense awaiting the appearance of criticism of her first work. Every newspaper was scanned eagerly; and finally some notice was taken of her book. *The Buffalo Express* praised

2. Lovett, Robert, "Amy Lowell," *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 27, 1925, p. 17.

its "pure lyrical quality"; *The Boston Sunday Globe* praised the lofty ideals of the poet.

These reviews brought no joy to her. As she read them, a smouldering anger burned within her. This was worthless praise indeed. The utter indifference of critics was more than she could bear. She refused to give up; but how could she gain recognition from people who did not know that she existed? Again the old feeling came. "I am Amy Lowell of Massachusetts; I will make the world know me."³ The next week she sailed for England.

There she was shortly affiliated with a group of men who called themselves *The Idealists*. They were experimenting with free verse and modern poetic structure; but as yet they had few followers. In this group Amy Lowell found her haven. She soon became their leader, and at length attained a restfulness. She was by nature a domineering person, and the taste of pre-eminence was sweet on her lips.

During the next few years the little group became famous. Amy Lowell's books on modern poetry had wide circulation and caused much comment. Her poems appeared in numerous magazines; she received invitations to lecture. She had gained that recognition which her nature demanded; and it was done partly through her own vigor and partly through eccentricity.⁴

It was autumn when Amy Lowell came back to Sevenels. The flower garden was a mass of bright leaves; and the house was dreary with its lonely, uncared for look. But it was home. The passing years had not taken away her childhood pride in her birthplace. She came back and settled down in her natural environment.

The friend from New York, now married and living in Brookline, was still a congenial friend. Tonight she was awaiting dinner for Amy Lowell, who was late, as usual. When she came in, an hour late, her charm dispelled her hostess' displeasure. She wanted to know what book John was reading, and how Jane was getting along with her violin lessons. It was impossible to be angry when she was in such a mood.

After dinner a special armchair was placed by the fire; a pitcher of water, a collection of eyeglasses, and a case of cigars were brought in. Amy Lowell smoked black cigars, changed glasses when her eyes demanded it, and launched the conversation. Dominating the conversation as she did everything, she talked while the other guests sat

3. Wood, Clement, *Amy Lowell*, pp. 25-26.

4. *Ibid*, pp. 27-29.

spellbound and discovered new things. Once she got up, went to the piano, and sang melodies with the children. She soon tired of this and came back to talk. She could talk endlessly.

But when Amy Lowell entertained at Sevenels, the guests were always on time. It was hard to tell when the hostess would surprise them by being punctual. One evening she entertained a number of her friends. When dinner was announced the servant said that Miss Lowell would be late. After about twenty minutes she came down from her bedroom. After letting in the dogs and complaining of the temperature, which never suited her, she came in and explained that the maid had an infected finger and she had been dressing it.

She, indeed, had a remarkable household. She knew the house from top to bottom and ruled her servants with an iron hand. They both loved her and feared her.

Not much entertaining was done at Sevenels. The mistress was busy with her writing; and a malady kept her indoors a great deal of the time. Life would have been monotonous and tiring if a new interest had not come.

It came with the arrival of Ada Russell at Brookline one winter. She and Amy Lowell became fast friends. The presence of an intimate friend at Sevenels gave Amy Lowell new interest in life. A glow came into the old house which made possible the undertaking of new enterprises.⁵

Amy Lowell was nearing fifty when she began her biography of Keats. Her girlish interest in him had not waned during her life. She had collected many letters and manuscripts during her life, and now she was ready to begin something which was dear to her heart. Her interest in her subject blotted out everything. Arising at five in the morning she worked until midnight, when she stopped, bade her friend good-day, and went to bed in the big bed with its twenty-four pillows.⁶

Amy Lowell died for Keats. Throughout her life he consumed her, making her willing to give up anything for him. She seemed to feel that they had much in common. He lamented his femininity; she, her clumsy manliness. Not long after the completion of her tribute to him, the world was startled by the death of "Amy Lowell of Brookline, Massachusetts."

5. Perkins, E. W., "Amy Lowell of New England," *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1927, pp. 331, 332.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 333.

Instability

So much I've seen of ill,
So much I've felt of pain,
I shall not let myself be moved
When either comes again.
But if I see a crocus bloom
And glow at early dawn,
Or if *some person* smiles at me
A moment—then is gone,
There is no power of earth or air,
No agent of the sea,
To keep the joy within my heart
From fairly killing me.

ELOISE BANNING.



Two Sunsets

I

The pink sifts slowly out the sky
Onto the roses far below.
The night comes creeping into sight
With heavy bags of stars in tow.

II

The red and gold drop off the sky
Into the rainbow's moneyed store.
The night spreads over all the earth
Like black paint spilled upon the floor.

MARGARET ASHBURN.

Early Experiments in Feline Psychology

By FLORENCE BAREFOOT

FOREWORD

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to: Dr. Donald K. Adams, *Experimental Studies of Adaptive Behavior in Cats*; Dr. Theodophilus Seuss, Ph.D., I. Q., H₂SO₄; James Thurber and E. B. White, *Is Sex Necessary?* or *Why You Feel the Way You Do*.
THE AUTHOR.

INSPIRED by Dr. Theodophilus Seuss' and Dr. Donald Adams' illuminating work in Feline Psychology, I have devoted the past two years of my life to experimentation in this field. Dr. Seuss set an admirable example by beginning his investigations early in life. During his fourth year at Harvard, with heroic sacrifice, he turned his own room into a laboratory and night after night from nine till dawn, he and several of his friends, interested in the experiment, conscientiously popped champagne corks in the immediate presence of an alley¹ cat. Dr. Seuss took great care to assure himself that the feline had never before been exposed to the popping of any kind of corks. After six months Judith² was noticed to purr with a decided explosiveness, and in the third generation her grandchildren turned out to be habitual drunkards. These discoveries in vocalizations, stimulus-response bonds, and heredity have been invaluable, not only in Feline Psychology, but in Temperance Movements as well. More important still, they suggest an answer to the question: What can men learn from animals?³

This question has also been tentatively answered by Dr. Adams. With a collection of puzzle-boxes and felines⁴, he attempted to plot the learning curves of the cats. After fourteen hours of starvation, a cat was placed in a puzzle box and left to his own devices to get at the mullet fish head lying just outside. Dr. Adams, slyly peeping through the keyhole, observed that the first escape made by all the cats was accidental. After repeated experiments, he discovered that

1. A very obscure alley in a respectable section of Cambridge, Mass.

2. Said cat: female, age unknown.

3. In 1894, Dr. Tithridge attempted to prove that man can learn nothing from animals.

4. The more intelligent were: Ace, Fitz, Buck, and Tar Baby, the latter only four months old.

all Tabby cats quickly readjusted themselves to their new environments and remained profoundly incurious⁵ about the whole affair, but that Angoras⁶ were able, after twenty-eight trials each, to get out of the box in $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Undoubtedly the I. Q. of an Angora borders on genius. Dr. Adams found, however, that he had also several idiots⁷ in the crowd. Not a single black⁸ cat ever got out of the puzzle-box on its own hook.⁹ Most significant of the deductions drawn from these experiments is that practically *no random movements* were made, and, if any were made, they were of the usual type of setting-up exercises.

Inspired as I have said by these experiments, I have endeavored to put Feline Psychology upon a more literary plane; and to see the thing done in a big way, I have chosen the tiger as a medium of feline expression. In attempting to answer the question: which came out, the lady or the tiger? I have found a store of information valuable to the advancement of psychology.

CASE I

A beautiful barbarian princess fell in love with a young blade around the court, but the king, deeming the young man unworthy, ordered his death. On second thought, however, he offered a choice. On the next feast day the lover was placed in the center of an arena faced with two huge doors exactly alike, to all appearances, but behind one waited a lovely maid, to be his bride, and behind the other crouched a hungry tiger.¹⁰ The lover glanced up at his princess, watching from the balcony, and awaited some sign from her; he knew that she could seal his fate as she wished. The princess, by the merest flick of her wrist, made her parting signal to him, and the lover stepped forward and flung open the door on the left.¹¹

Here the story stops, but unsatisfied, I have searched through manuscripts, edicts, histories, and even the New England Primer, not

5. Disproving the earlier theory that curiosity kills cats.

6. A breed noted for its agility, conditioned reflexes, and sense of humor.

7. One of these was a well-known case of dementia praecox.

8. This unfortunate circumstance led to the popular superstition that black cats are unlucky.

9. A hook was in the back of the puzzle-box.

10. To be his ? ? ? ! ! ?

11. One second later, forgetting her jealousy and hatred of her rival, she heartily wished that she had chosen the door on the right.

resting until I found the conclusion of the tale. In this search I was often led astray by such books as *Our Animal Friends* and *Black Sambo and the Tiger*, but I finally unearthed the story while digging in some old ruins in the north of Italy. In bas-relief on the remains of an old Etruscan chariot, I found the image of a tiger engaged in testing out various defense mechanisms, and under the relief was inscribed the remainder of the story—as follows:

Out sprang the tiger and began to wander aimlessly around the arena, thereby making *numerous random movements* and showing clearly that he hadn't been out much. At this strange misbehaviorism the galleries sat up and took notice; thus, for the first time in history, scientists tried to advance a solution to the problem of animal psychology.

It was at this point that I decided to devote my life to Feline Psychology, and to begin by making all possible investigations in this case. I first probed into the parentage and ancestry of the tiger to see what part heredity had played in his make-up. Several reliable sources¹² trace his origin back to Ignatius Felinus and his mate,¹³ the two tigers who had crossed with Noah in the Ark. It was on this voyage that the seeds of an inferiority complex had been sown. The overbearing and domineering attitude of the Lions and the condescending air of the Giraffe on board tended to make the newly-wedded tigers—naturally reticent and amiable, but trying hard to put on a bold front—more or less sensitive, and especially were they vexed by their poor relations, the cats, who never missed an opportunity to boast of the ties of kinship before the company. This occurred about 2000 B. C. and it is no wonder that Higgy¹⁴ Felinus MCXXVII in 356 B. C., after centuries of hereditary inferiority complexes, was nearing the stages of a dual personality.¹⁵

Unconvinced that heredity told the whole story, I commenced research into his childhood and adolescence. As the archaeologists say, not a stone was left unturned.

One day as Higgy was roaming through the jungle, he spied a dainty little tigeress, with an unusually original arrangement of

12. See Bibliography.

13. Called Pussybonny by her husband.

14. Called Higgy by his playmates and brothers, but Ignatius always by his old maid aunt.

15. Psycho-neuroses, not very well-known then; came into prominence and popularity about 1902 A.D.

stripes, sunning herself on a promontory of rocks. For the first time experiencing the sweet agony of the darts of Cupid, he winked, waved his tail at an arc of 88° , and made the other flirtatious signs, indicating that he would like to be friends. She responded and together they talked of the beauties of the jungle, of the marvelous array of plant and animal life to be found there, and of the possibility of: What if I hadn't happened along just when I did, and what if you hadn't been here when I did?

Higgy had been taught sublimation since early childhood, so he left the lady on the doorstep and scampered home. 'Twas late when he arrived, and the gate was locked. He tried to slip under, but got caught, and stuck. This business of getting caught under a gate for two or three hours at a time is rather strenuous on the autonomic nervous system and leads to serious results: broken backs, Schmalhausen trouble,¹⁶ and lung strain. In Higgy's case it led to repression. He repressed and repressed and still repressed until he had a phobia.¹⁷ After having so pleasantly liberated his libido and downed his inferiority complex that evening, to suddenly repress was doubly demobilizing. He dismissed his Wish motives and took up Worry.

Since that day Higgy has been a changed tiger. Soon afterwards he was captured and placed behind the left door in the arena. Captivity was the last straw.

Later, psychologists questioned Higgy's mentality, but intelligence tests revealed that he had an I. Q. of 118, proving that he had the capacity of an average college man. His learning curve, however, was a straight line.

16. Ailment arising from the absorption of a wide viewpoint within narrow walls.

17. Of gates.

Pen Feathers

As the Pendulum Swings

Now that skirts and hair are long and little curls are appearing again at the napes of women's necks, I am hoping daily for a best-seller that ends, "And they lived happily ever after." Ever since I progressed from the girls' room in the library at home to the big shelves marked "Fiction," I have read nothing but cynical stories. The authors seem tired of life, but they insist on writing about it anyway. They choose plain characters from anywhere and drag them through experience after experience, past many happy endings, on to some bitter fate. The end is never even a sadly peaceful death. It is most likely an agonizing soliloquy on the terrors of continuing day after day so weary an existence.

The reader can hardly stifle a sigh of agreement with the bored character. After struggling with him for hours over dozens of complexes, phobias, turns of circumstance, and bitter facts of "ologies," one is glad enough for even a monotonous respite. If the characters would solve their problems occasionally, the struggles would be more interesting. The hero of "While the Bridegroom Tarried" dallies through three love affairs and to his middle-age on the last page is sighing that he knows not what to do. Kivi's *Seven Brothers* mature and are getting along very nicely when they start marrying and having children. Then the children develop problems and get on the pages so much that the book has almost to start over again. By that time the reader is well versed in Finnish lore, and thoroughly sick of the seven brothers.

It is very well to learn something of book-people besides what they might say in a moonlit bower or on a silver lake, but there are limits to what one enjoys knowing of even his enemies. Nowadays, authors expect us to make *friends* of their horrible melancholics. They force upon us minute descriptions of everything that affected their precious subconsciouses. They continue relentlessly on to children and grandchildren, if self-analyses have not long since filled the covers.

The covers themselves are expressions of the "modern" mood. They are always of some astounding color. Orange is a favorite, red is an old stand-by, and green and blue are flaunted in gay new shades. The title is catchily printed in any color of equal boldness. Three books in my room now are typical of the popular variations in printing. On one the title is illegibly written in gold script. Another has it printed across the top in letters an inch and a half high, by measurement. A third has the title and author's name planked square in the middle with all sorts of lines radiating from it—thought waves, I suppose.

I long for a lavender-backed book with the title neatly printed on in silver. It must have a lovely frontispiece in colors and a sincere dedication of the work to one of the author's dear friends. Then I would hope for a clever story of life as it is lived around me.

Since long hair and curls have come back, I am expecting my book. I shall not insist that all the men be gallant and all the ladies pure. I shall not even object to thirteen blank pages at the back—if only the author will stop when every one is "living happily."

PANSY McCONNELL.



Field Trips

NOTHING requires so much courage as a biological field trip. It may be all right to go on a private expedition and enjoy the beauties of nature alone; but beware of those organized bands of bird-imitators and worm-diggers. In the first place, all nature may be scared off by the noisy troupe and you may get lost in the woods trying to find her. Then if you escape the numerous snakes and stinging creatures that always lie in wait for some unlucky person, you are almost sure to have your teeth knocked out by someone who is more interested in a bird than in her fellowmen.

During my high school days, I used to go to biology class armed with a quaking heart and my oldest shoes and stockings. It was hard to tell when the teacher would be stricken with the nature lust. Miss Green was one of those females who just love nature. When she heard even a little sparrow chirp outside the window she would pause in the

midst of her discussion of the paramecium and spirogyra and assume a most sublime look.

One day the worst happened. (And I had on my new shoes.) Miss Green breezed in with her hair flying and a far-away look in her eyes. The whole class gave a sigh; past experiences had made us quite familiar with the symptoms. She flung open the window, breathed deeply, and pronounced the sentence. We knew it was no use to argue. All we could do was close our eyes and pray for rain, snow, hail—anything.

It all amounted to nothing, for when we opened our eyes she had brought in the paraphernalia which is essential for field trips. There was an array of buckets, pans, bottles, books, nets, fishing-rods, chloroform, iodine, and ammonia. My share of the booty was a huge butterfly-net, a quart jar, and a fishing-rod.

As the procession started off I got in the middle and hoped no one would see me. Such luck was not to be mine. As we passed the athletic field all my former remarks about biology teachers and field trips were flung back at me. My position in class would have suffered a relapse if she had ever found out to whom those yells were directed. I assumed a nonchalant attitude, and to cover my confusion I began to discuss trees with Miss Green in a lively manner. Fortunately she was too enraptured by her project to notice such trifles as insults.

I often wonder if I will ever find anything in life about which I can get really enthusiastic. I have so often been accused of calmness and reserve that I fear I am incapable of getting excited. I shy away from people who are always thrilling over everything, and yet I envy them. After all, it is a retreat in life. A hobby can often make us forget many disappointments and failures.

I did not find my hobby in this field trip, for it turned out as all usually do. The rest of the class managed to wander off, never to return; and I was left chasing butterflies with Miss Green.

How humiliating it is to have to gallop through the woods, waving a butterfly net! I thought of all the comedies I had seen in the movies; and at that moment I failed to appreciate the botany professor's jokes. To make matters worse, I could catch nothing. Only flies and falling leaves were entangled in my swooping net.

The CORADDI

It was late when we emerged from the woods—but, oh, the joy of achievement! In a bucket we had a live frog. Instantly, I gave frog a high rating, for it had made Miss Green extremely happy. Once more I felt the value of some one all-pervading enthusiasm.

When I reached home my sister gave a yell. Everybody ran from me. I was a social outcast. No one could stand the froggy look and smell.

CARY STEBBINS.



Snow

At the snow flakes flying by
The pickaninny blinked an eye;
Then, skuddling back to his warm bed,
He shook his little kinky head.
“Must be some scrap up in de sky
When de angel feathers fly
Dat fast,” he said.

ROSALIND TRENT.



Book Review

RUDOLPH AND AMINA. *By Christopher Morley.* 1930. John Day Co., New York. Price \$2.50.

To those who are familiar with the style of Christopher Morley it will be unnecessary to comment on that inimitable touch which one unconsciously associates with his books. And this delightful tale of *Rudolph and Amina* bears that touch in an unmistakable degree. It is witty without being bombastic; it is clever without patting itself on the back; satirical without being bitter, and anachronistic without being unreal. It preserves the atmosphere of *Faust* in the midst of De Mille settings, Girl Scout ensembles and Valentinos and Vallees. It is a perfect burlesque of grand opera tactics where the hero and heroine stop to sing a long duet at a moment when only immediate flight could save them, where dramatic effects of lights and scenery and plot are obligingly described by the author, and when men sell their souls to the devil and take vengeance on fair young damsels. The life described is feudal—but a feudal system enlivened by *La Vie Parisienne*, and cocktails, and one-piece bathing suits, and shower baths. Even the Smith brothers have their part. The characters are analyzed from a neuro-psychological aspect, and the madrigals that the choruses render are such old favorites as *The Face on the Barroom Floor*, and *The Strap That Mother Used to Fan My Pants*.

An example of the wit that Mr. Morley employs may be found in that delightful passage in which the baron asks the sweet young thing, "Will you accompany me in the mazurka?" and she naively replies, "Yes, your lordship, if you don't drive too fast." But there are others equally delightful where the redoubtable Greppo mistakes chiaroscuro for snakes, and "ambiguous" for "amphibious," and is heard to declare after meeting the gnomes, "Yes, I gnome personally."

But it is a temptation on the part of the reviewer to tell too much about a book as enjoyable as this one, and so with this much recommendation we leave it to the reader in the hope that his appetite has been whetted and that his perusal of the book will not be a disappointment.

A. L. SINGLETARY.

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